

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

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CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1917

Blest are the men who rise, before the light Of morning breaks behind the hills; They meet the sorry idlers of the night Who go, the pace which enervates and kills; The workers, sour, severe and circumspect, Know that in life their toil will never cease; They gain some priceless boons they least suspect, In health, and happiness, and peace.

This chapter is for men only, so the women will kindly refrain from reading what is here set down. Generally when there is one of these here evangelists around hollering fire, there is a meeting advertised for men only. We attended one such meeting at one time, and came away sadly disappointed. There was nothing said at that meeting but what your maiden aunt might have heard without embarrassment. The speaker did not even say jackasses.

The other day a teacher in a Denver school asked the class what was the most wonderful thing that a man had ever made, and a little girl answered that the most wonderful thing that a man had ever made was a living for his family. This has been running in our mind ever since we saw it, as we sit around the fire of nights in this Thanksgiving time and wonder how long we can keep it up.

The Thanksgiving proclamation of both the President and the Governor rang true. There are untold mercies and blessings that we should be thankful for this year even though we have been drawn into the vortex of the world's war. There never was a time when life was as interesting as it is at this time, and there never has been a time in the recollection of man when the country was as near a perfect union as now. Men have ceased to ponder upon the question of selfish interest, and think now of what they can do for the good of the herd. They are willing to give, work, and die for the herd. That is what the psychologists call the herd instinct, upon which all government is founded, and which deteriorates when men wax fat and kick.

Wealth has never been produced as fast as it is now and it has never been more evenly distributed. With every body working at high wages, it is possible for every family to live, and for armies to be maintained in the field, and loans to be made to our allies. The immense bond issues that have been made do not affect the wealth of the country except for the better, as practically every dollar loaned to the government was loaned by an American citizen, and it is but a convenient way to handle our savings. We keep the money and help win the war at the same time.

But what we started out to discuss was the old man's part in the scheme of life. He is generally assigned the position of the meal ticket in the family life.

What riches give us let us then inquire: Meat, fire, and clothes. What more? Meat, clothes, and fire. Is this too little?—Pope.

The old man works the world to secure a living, and the family works the old man, and in this way the money is kept in circulation. If the old man looks a little haggard at this time, remember that times have been speeding him up a little. He is making as much money or more but there is a scale of prices such as he has never had to contend with, and there is a sacred contribution to the government that he is bound to make to keep his self respect, which comes in the shape of taxes or a loan. These monthly bills do play hob with a checking account. Certain political economists have got the thing worked out to a decimal point and can compare the present condition with that of the dull old days, but we have no time or inclination to lump into mathematics. We just sort of jump it by saying that it takes as much to keep one family now as it did two in other days, and there is no suspicion of a double life either. In fact the times are so expensive that every man has to love his own wife. But glory be, the men of the country are equal to the occasion. They are making good livings, giving the government all that it asks for and more, doing these things cheerfully and getting along so well that no man but a fool despairs of his country. In West Virginia drunkenness has become a negligible quantity, and this change began only a few weeks before the war broke out, so that the two things are inseparably combined in the thoughts of every West Virginian.

Direct taxes are the hardest to pay, and this is the time of year that the tax ticket gets ripe. Our honorable sheriff has ridden the county this month looking for tax money and finding it easier than ever found before. He worked day and night at

the figures until his eyes gave out, and he had to go away to the hospital for treatment. The reason that direct taxes are so hard to pay is that in the great majority of cases, a man pays on his savings, and it is an automatic hardship that a man has to pay out savings for taxes. It is contrary to the scheme of saving. These savings a man is supposed to have to leave behind him, and how can he reach the perfect peak if the government appropriates a part of his savings for taxes. Two men start equal. In twenty years one has saved a large sum of money, and the other nothing. Both work for the same wages. Comes the fall of the year. One has nothing to pay in the way of a tax ticket, and the other has to pay \$300. The poor man has plenty of money to settle his bills of November, while the other man has to find the money to meet the tax. He never dips into the pile accumulated by the bloody sweat. He lives hard and manages shrewdly and gets his tax money, and sees a light.

"If thou art rich, thou art poor; For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows, Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey, And death unloads thee."

Some historians maintain that the works of Homer were not written by Homer but by another person of the same name. So with some of the homers of today. They do not make a living for the family, but the living is made by another person of the same name, and that is friend wife. In the accurate adjustment of civilized life, it is so arranged that if the old man will not, or cannot make a living, that the women can and must, and so life goes on in city, town, and country. As a rule however the important part that the woman has to play, is to keep the old man so well that he has leisure to work. If a man had to do his own cooking and his own managing, the product of the country would fall off about fifty per cent. Men would have neither time nor strength to perform their usual duties. They would soon pine away and the wheels of industry would stop turning.

The lady bending over the cook-stove to prepare something that will sustain the old man is the power that keeps the country going today. As a rule she is the one who also manages the expenditures of the family, the family being the unit in social life. There is a strange anomaly in the mental make up of the woman who comes from personal observation of some thousands of individual cases, this truth is evolved: If a woman considers herself economical, she is extravagant; if she considers herself extravagant, then she is economical. This is proved by the rule that two and two make more, but not by the rule of three. There are such unlimited opportunities of spending that no matter how much goes out, there are so many examples in every community of lavish living, that a woman who throws away right and left, can convince herself that she has been comparatively economical.

One neighbor supports an automobile; another has a fine set of silver; another maintains the children at boarding school; another has bought expensive furs; another has invested heavily in diamonds; another has a retinue of servants; another has an extra fine house; another goes South in the winter, and the one woman wants to compete with each one of them, and before she gets all the things that her neighbors have collectively, the bankruptcy proceedings begin.

The women! God bless 'em! We do not mean to criticize them, for without them there would be nothing to work for, to live for, or to fight for. We only desire to say that all the righteousness in the world is not confined in the unfair sex-only about ninety per cent of the good, is to be there found.

The rich man's son inherits cares; The bank may break, the factory burn, A breath may burst his bubble shares, And soft, white hands could hardly earn A living that would serve his turn. —Lowell.

It was Emerson, was it not, who invented the law of compensation? Any way, when we began to sit up and take notice, we found that somebody had spilled the beans. Many and many a time, we have gotten things that we had tried for, and looked forward to as the very acme of human attainment, to find that there was no more elation, and no more satisfaction in that state of life than there was in the life that were trying to get away from. For example, we got selected teacher of a country school at \$22.50 a month, at a time when that was some money, let me tell you. And the profession that was conferred upon us by that election was so desirable that the salary was a minor consideration. But the glamor did not last a minute. We muddled along all right but there was always something else ahead. Distance softens and lends enchantment to the view. There is a story running now in

the Saturday Evening Post, called "Paterfamilias," that is built around a startling truth. In this story the old man has worked up from a hand in a tannery to be a great leather manufacturer, and at fifty-eight he capitalized his business, banked two million and a half dollars, and went to a southern hotel to get acquainted with his family whom he had not paid much attention to in the stress of his career as a financier. He had a wife, and a grown son and a daughter. When he got there, he found his wife playing cards for money; his daughter engaged to a grass widower; and his son gambling, getting drunk, and courting a waiter girl. At the present time the old man is engaged in trying to make nice people out of the bunch, and finds that his ways do not suit his fashionable family any better than theirs suit him.

The first book that we ever read on amore was a Sunday School production entitled, "Charley Wheeler's Reward." It dealt with a family which in the first chapter had nothing to eat, nothing to wear, and no shelter from the weather. Charley woke up to the fact one day. He was about twelve years old and he commenced to work, and in a little or no time the family was on its feet, living well and much respected in the community. It was a well written book about a super boy. The way it looks to me now, is that it took for its subject the most wonderful thing that a man ever made.

And in this Thanksgiving sermon that we are pointing out upon the typewriter, we have taken as our theme, that the greatest cause of thanksgiving with the average citizen, is, that he has been given health, and strength, and inclination, and opportunity for making a living for his family. And we say this solemnly, advisedly, and with no mental reservations. Any man in this troublesome time, who can look back on a year in which he has provided for his family should be proud, and grateful and thankful, and this applies to each and every year.

And there is another reason too, that we will try to develop in our usual confused and indirect way. You know about that female literary club in this town that has done so much to lift us above the ordinary. It seems to be permissible to produce works of art by proxy. That it is better to come prepared this way than to come empty handed. When the time comes to relate how the muse was invoked, there are some queer disclosures. One lady said of the quickening of one exquisite poem: "I sat in my room by the evening fire while my room mate wrote the poetry."

The last meeting, the members were called upon to come and bring with them (duces tecum,) a poem on Thanksgiving. Strange as it may seem, neither Thanksgiving nor Christmas are easy to write about in poetry. You can search the works of all the great poets and you will find where most of all of them have tried it and failed to come up to the usual standard of their works.

It was not very long until we heard about the undertaking, and we knew that it was going to be rough sledding for the rhymers. We had the chance to furnish material to fill the contracts as a sort of a sub-contractor but we had to decline on account of the difficulties surrounding the subject. Finally one lady sent word that she would accept anything that was offered and we bet the messenger that she wouldn't and she didn't. The offering was:

Then up spoke the King of Siam: For butter, I don't give a damn; The thing that I fear, Is a shortage of beer, But still I am thankful I am.

And that is our position today. With the world at war, and with the price of living so high, and though we are one year older, and one year uglier, and going down hill, still we can say that we are devoutly thankful that we have been spared to see another beautiful year, and that we still live, move and have our being, and here is hoping that all the company present may see many happy returns of the day.

ONLY A VOLUNTEER

Why didn't I wait to be drafted, And led to the train by a band. Or put in a claim for exemption? Oh, why did I hold up my hands? Why didn't I wait for a bouquet? Did I not want to be cheered? For the drafted man gets all the credit While I merely volunteered. And nobody gave a flower And nobody said a kind word. The puff of the engine, the grind of the wheels, Was all the goodbye that I heard. Then off to the training camp hustled To be drilled for next half a year. And in the bustle forgotten— I'm only a volunteer.

Perhaps some day in the future, A little boy sits on my knee And he asks my part in that great war, As his eyes look up at me. And I know when I tell the story, The pride I feel he'll cheer, That I didn't wait to be drafted, But answered, a volunteer. —Selected by Geo. Darnell, 150 Reg. Camp Shelby, Miss.



The Amusu Books

Who is Number One?

Anna Katharine Green Serial, Starring Kathleen Clifford, is Paramount Production. Anna Katharine Green, the greatest of all authors of mystery stories, has written a motion picture serial, Kathleen Clifford, famous in vaudeville and musical comedy, is the star and Paramount has produced it. "Who is Number One?" is the strange, haunting title of this continued photoplay, which seems destined to become the most talked-about picture of the year.

Manager Morgan of the Amusu announces that he has booked "Who is Number One?" and that the first chapter of this famous mystery drama will be shown at the Amusu Friday, December 7th. One episode of "Who is Number One?" will be a feature of the program at the Amusu every Friday until the thrilling story is complete and the baffling question as to the identity of "Number One" is answered.

Anna Katharine Green, author of this story, is famed for her absorbing plots. "The Leavenworth Case," "The Filigree Ball" and "The House of the Whispering Pines" are among the scores of Anna Katharine Green novels that have been read and re-read and which still are classed as "best sellers." "Who is Number One?" is based upon revenge sought by a woman scorned, Dainty Kathleen Clifford, the heroine, is the personage around whom the turmoil seethes. She fights for the boy she loves, matching her stout, youthful heart against evil intrigue.

FROM A SOLDIER

I am all O. K. at this time, and am now on the banks of the Leaf river. It is quite a large river and different from the river at home. The banks are covered with white sand, resembling snow. It is a very beautiful place; the trees are green, and the flowers in bloom, and it is as hot as summer.

George Darnell and I are together today, and we are having some time. There are eighteen Pocahontas boys here that I know, and 3,300 West Virginia here in all; 250 of us in one camp. We all eat and wash our dishes together. There is about 20,000 of us all. Kentucky and West Virginia are located here. We play all kinds of ball games and the W. Va. boys have never been defeated in any game yet. So far they have always been in the lead.

This is a level country and not very thickly settled. There is quite a bit of timber. I am now in the shade of a large cypress tree. There are lots of long leaf pines. It is smoky and very dry, not having rained since I came one month ago. Water to drink is scarce.

We had a nice trip coming down, and two and a half days—and two nights on the road—720 of us in twenty big cars, drawn by two engines. We came through the states of Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia, and landed in Mississippi. We were all off the cars for two hours at Birmingham, Ala. The 720 of us marched through the streets. It was quite a crowd to see. We waved at all the people we saw on the road and I think they all waved at us. We came through some large cities, Chattanooga, Tenn., was the loveliest place we came through. We passed the famous Lookout Mountain. If I get a chance I want to go to see it. It is a large mountain with big buildings on it and it is straight up and rougher than any place I ever saw in West Virginia, with a car line right straight up the mountain.

This camp is 12 miles from Hattiesburg, but it costs only 10 cents to go and a train runs every hour. I was there last night. It is a nice city. I will send home a fine picture our camp. We had our first lesson in digging trenches Friday. It is some sight and very hard to do. We get all kinds of training. There are some

Klein's Dept. Store

(Under New Management, S. Schuchat)
MARLINTON WEST VIRGINIA

Great Sale of Millinery

Tremendous reductions on our entire line of trimmed and untrimmed hats. We must make room for holiday goods, we never carry over millinery from one season to another. Everything must go quick, our time is short, December 1st is the time limit set to accomplish what we have set out to do—sell every hat in the house and we are going to do this regardless of the cost to us. Now is the time to make a great saving, do not miss the opportunity, it surely will not occur again in Pocahontas county this season and perhaps for many seasons to come, if you need a hat now or later take advantage of this sale.

For the convenience of shoppers and to facilitate quick selling we have grouped our entire stock in four prices:

\$1, \$2, \$3 and \$4.

take your choice from either group and get double value—no hat in the house over \$4.00, values up to \$10.00.

Special Sale Women's High Top Gray Kid Shoes

Silver Gray Kid N. Y. Vamp lace, 9 in. top 17-8 wd. Louis Covered Heel, Welt Sole, Empire Toe, The Famous "Queen Quality" make, all sizes. Regular Price \$12.00

Special Sale Price \$9.50 Pair

FOR SALE

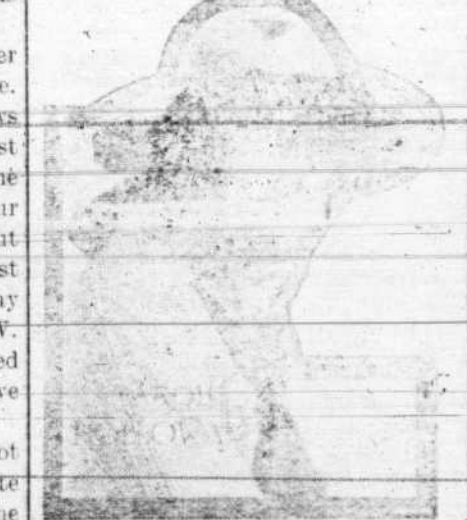
Having finished our logging operations at this place, we have a number of good heavy logging teams for sale. Horses range in weight from 1500 to 1700 pounds each and in age from five years up. Will sell each team fully rigged ready to hitch to a log. These are not old broken down horses, but in prime condition and ready for hard logging. Come and see them work.

Maryland Lumber Company

DENMAR, W. VA.

French and English officers here to help drill us. They are fine looking officers. As it is time to like it to Camp, I will close.

MARVIN WILSON,
Co. F, 150 Inf. Camp Shelby,
Nov. 18, 1917. Mississippi.



Girl Fleeing Band of Outlaws Falls into Mountain Torrent

Helress to Hidden Mine of Yeast Value Rescued by Sweetheart Who Leaps From High Cliff Into Stream.

Miss Carol Holloway, Vitagraph's fearless little star, is put to one of the severest tests in her screen career when she falls into a tempestuous mountain stream to be rescued by William Duncan, while the camera registers another thrilling scene in the fourth episode of "The Fighting Trail." Greater Vitagraph's wonderful serial of adventure and the great outdoors, to be shown at AMUSU next Tuesday. She is a strong swimmer and Mr. Duncan a herculean, but both were badly bruised by being dashed against rocks and the sides of the cliff and their strength well gone when he gets her ashore. But the picture is made up of just such scenes where life and limb are not reckoned too seriously, with the result it is unquestionably the most gripping and realistic screen production in the world today.

A young American mining engineer under contracts to supply the allies with ore used in the manufacture of ammunition is fought to the death by an agent of the Central Powers, who employs a band of outlaws who seek by fire and flood and dynamite to destroy the mine.

Ninety-five per cent of the pictures were taken in the wildest reaches of the Sierras in Southern California or on the edge of the great Nevada desert.

BOYER SIDING

We are glad to see some snow and rain which will stop the forest fires. John F. Woodell made a business trip to Durbin Saturday.

J. R. Nottingham killed two fine dogs last week. We believe M. C. Cavenagh has the champion hog of the county.

A. D. Neil and wife are staying at G. C. Hamilton's for a few days until their household goods arrives from Elkins. They expect to make their home here.

Mrs. G. C. Hamilton is teaching the Boyer Siding school.

The North Fork Lumber Company have opened their store at this place. The Company is putting in two large boilers at the mill.

J. B. Sutton finished painting the school house at this place last week.

Arthur Nottingham and Roy Knight are running a saw on the band mill.

O. R. Mam will leave this week for Maryland where he expects to make his home.

William Greathouse has been on the sick list for some time.

George Cochran has been hauling ties for Ambrose Yarnell on Spillman Run.

Carl Ballard of Ronceverte, is visiting at Mr. Cavenagh's for a few days.

Mrs. Milton Darnell of Beart, is visiting her daughter in town.

Mrs. C. P. Kerr of Durbin, was visiting at Mr. Allyn's last week.

FIREMEN WANTED FOR U. S. NAVY

The navy recruiting station at No. 9 Stummers St., Charleston, W. Va., will accept for enlistment firemen 3rd class, a grade in the steam engineering department, U. S. Navy, to fill 48 vacancies. Age limit for the above 21 to 35 years.

Vacancies also exist for 2 men attendants of the negro race, age 18 to 35 years.

J. J. HARROLD,
Chief Carpenter's Mate U. S. Navy.

Head Feel Heavy?

Chances are your bowels are not doing their duty as they should. They will soon do so if you take a little San-Tax.

SAN-TAX Laxative Tea. Simply steep with hot water. Pleasant to take and effective in its action on bowels and bowels.

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- ### Florida Land
- Secure a winter home site of the Lake Highlands Company of Clermont, Florida, at beautiful Clermont Heights, overlooking the fine freshwater lakes in famous Lake County, at the center of the state. Florida—teeming with health and pleasure; choicest lands for oranges, grapefruit and early vegetables; finest fishing, boating and hunting; best northern people have purchased. Map and booklet free. I am leaving for Clermont December 1st to remain there the winter and would be glad to have my friends go with me or come while I am there.
- E. H. MOORE**,
Hillsboro, W. Va.
- ### READING CIRCLE
- Huntersville District Reading Circle will meet at Minnehaha Saturday afternoon December 8th.
- Professional preparation of primary teachers—Myrtle Dilley.
- Proceeding from the know to the related unknown in teaching primary reading—Gladys White.
- Value of Music and Story telling in school—Mr. Perry.
- Needs for Higher Education and better rural schools—Hildreth Beverage.
- Suggestions for improving the rural schools—Phyllis Pennybaker.
- Enid Elmo Harper, Chairman.
Mary Pritchard, Secretary.